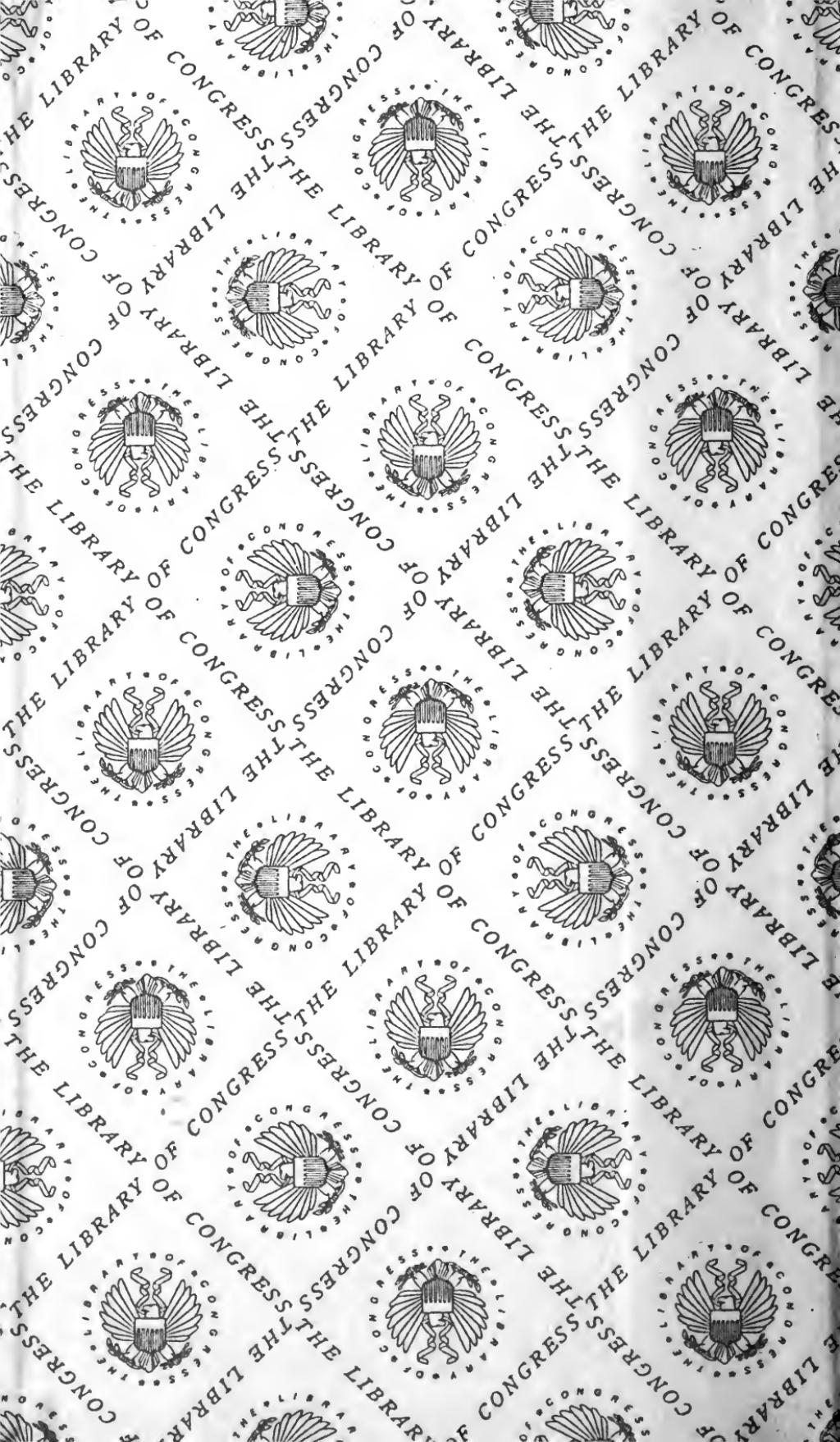
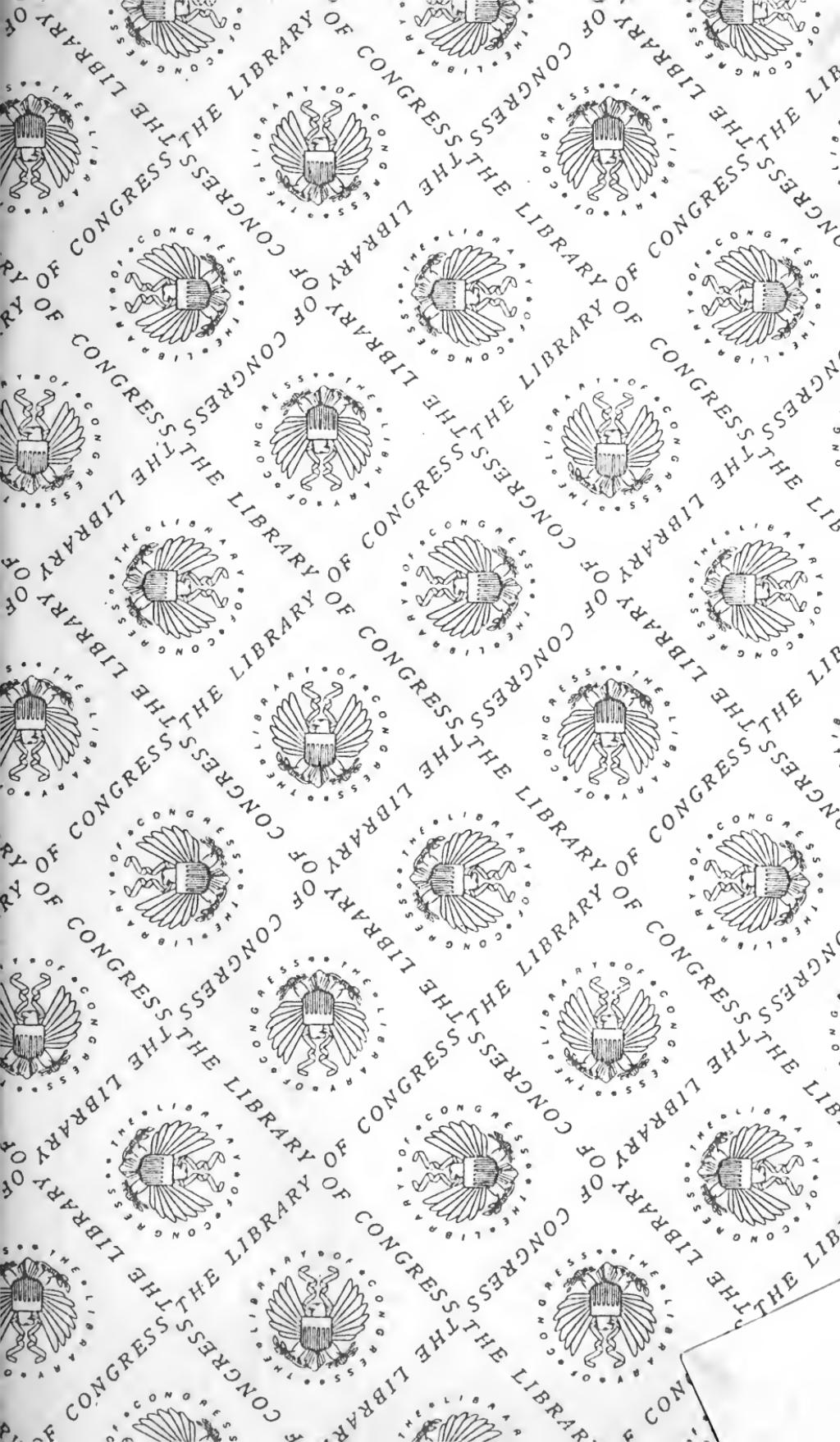


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THE ARTIST

—OF—

# Quillamequaggum

AND OTHER POEMS,

INCLUDING THE

“Seer of Manito.” “Only a Poor Mechanic,”  
“Bill Jones,” “Cutting the Trocha,” -- a  
Cuban Episode. “Marie’s Sacrifice,” &c.

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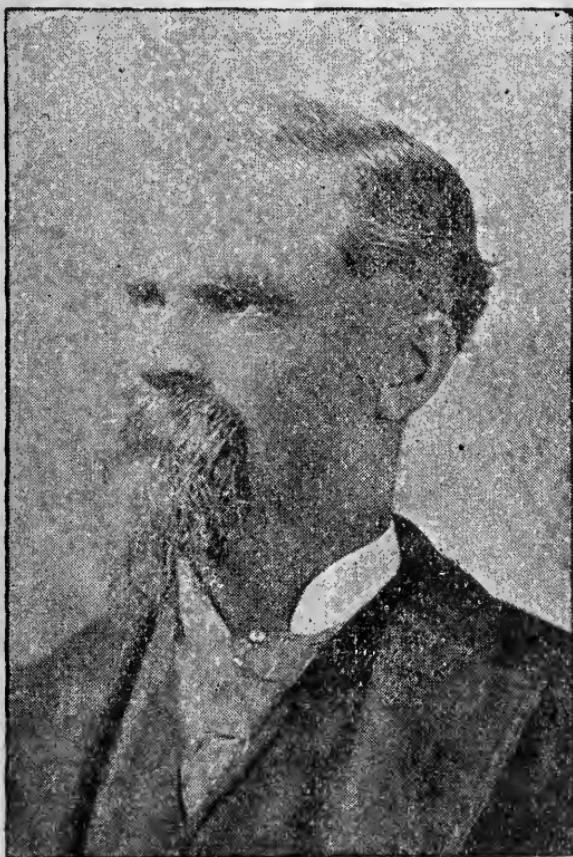
ARDMORE, I. T.,  
Ardmoreite Steam Print.  
1896.



# THE ARTIST OF QUILLAMEQUAGGUM

—AND—

## OTHER POEMS.



*Crankus Vagarius, pseud.*



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## PREFACE.

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If the predictions of THE SEER OF MANITO are too metaphysical, and put too cool a quietus on sublunary things to suit the average reader, I would recommend the ARTIST OF QUILLAMEQUAGGUM as an afterpiece (like the farce after the tragedy) to restore his equanimity. Then he can lend himself to the adventures of the others with such zest as he can command, whether the scene is laid in Cuba, Africa, the United States, Ephesus or in the land of the "Brobdingnags."

Respectfully,

D. DAVIES.

## THE SEER OF MANITO.

---

Ho! that last glacial age in the long ago,  
When the mantling pall of ice and snow,  
Covering the earth like a winding sheet,  
From Atlantis to the Rockies feet;  
Piling Laurentian debris high  
Above the coals of Illinois,  
Leveling mountains in its course,  
With crushing, grinding, bestial force;  
When the "Ice King" piled the broad moraine,  
From high bold port on many a plain,  
As outworks to his stronghold grand,  
That covered all the northern land;  
That buried nations in its might,  
With sweeping, blind, relentless blight;  
Has left small trace of ancient art,  
Small trace of workshop, tower or mart,  
That marked where ancient civilization  
Had fought against disintegration.  
But, stripped of all that makes earth bright,  
Few, few survived the withering blight.  
In that far glacial age, man lost  
His joy in that once pleased him most.  
Forced to the most ungainly thrift,  
The glacial cave and river drift  
Betray small trace of what we feel  
Must once have been a commonweal;  
But forced to live mid ice and snows,  
Like wandering hordes of Eskimo's;  
Where once had been great populous nations

Were now mere scattered habitations,  
Where, on the ice-cliffs verge, a few  
Might scant subsistence gain. Adieu  
To thought of progress where no meed  
Awaits the man of brains or greed.  
Before there's progress architectural,  
Before there's progress intellectual,  
Before there's science, law and art:  
Advancement in each minor part  
That goes to make the varied scheme  
Of civilization, man must deem  
He has a right within the soil,  
He has a right unto his toil  
And what it brings him: Selfish ends,  
In aggregate, is that which tend  
To elevate the race. Each acts his part  
In field, in palace, court or mart;  
Each, subject to his rank and station,  
Is part and parcel of the nation;  
A freeman each in his degree,  
Each owning his own royalty;  
Blended together in one sense  
For government and for defense;  
Feeling the sense of power to hold  
That which his thrift can turn to gold;  
Banded together in the cause  
Of justice, liberty and laws,  
With all of their varying moods and phases  
That come from contact with the races  
With which we deal. Sweep all away,  
As did the ice in ancient day,  
Little is left to tell the story  
Of what was once a nation's glory;  
For, 'cept with fair environment,  
Civilization is but weak and faint;  
The intellect is dwarfed and stunted,  
The finer faculties are blunted;  
Man retrogrades. The mountain "cracker"  
Whose dreams are whiskey and "Terbacker"  
Came from that stock that on King's Mount,  
Would vanquish Tarleton, Vance or Blount;

But, buried in some quiet nook,  
Remote from magazine or book,  
Unknowing of the world's progression,  
Begins the work of retrogression;  
And he, who might have been a "Cass,"  
Is now a brainless, senseless ass.  
Four generations from that Boone,  
Who sighed for wider elbow room,  
We find a set of drivelling dolts  
Instead of Clays, Lamars or Holts.

\* \* \* \* \*

The combat waged. How long? Who knows?  
The glacial age has passed; its snows,  
That battled long, but battled in vain  
Against onslaughts of sun and rain,  
But foot by foot had to give way  
Before the fervid of God of day,  
Like earth's great conqueror, matchless till  
He meets another greater still;  
Forced to give ground, with slow retreat  
Before fierce Phebus' fervent heat,  
Yet, urged by glacial power behind,  
Condensed by sun, rain, snow and wind,  
A constant, growing, ceaseless wave,  
Brought that to southern plains that gave  
A subsoil rich where waving grain  
Now grows upon the treeless plain,  
Supplying millions wants, with store  
To furnish many millions more,  
So list to this Saga of Manito's Seer  
Who lived in the glacial epoch drear.

---

### THE SEER.

---

1 Once o'er the plains that stretched from the east  
To the base of the Rockies, dwelt man and beast;  
The bison ranged in countless herds,  
The forests rang with the songs of birds,

The tribes roamed over the forests wild,  
The soil was fertile, the climate mild;  
Storks fed on the lagoons of Illinois,  
And the world was filled with content and joy.

- 2 The winter's frost was scarcely known,  
The warmth was like that of the torrid zone;  
Art, science, law and education  
Had welded tribes into a nation;  
The harvests of Assineboi  
Fed fishermen of Illinois,  
And all was peaceful and serene  
As the lambs sporting on yon green.
- 3 A change came in those days of old;  
The climate suddenly grew cold,  
The streams were locked in winter's grasp,  
Which springtime rays could not unclasp,  
The glacial fields in widening course  
Moved onward with resistless force,  
Nor ceased until the sun's fierce glow  
Held them in check at the Ohio.
- 4 Forced by the logic of circumstance, men  
Sought shelter in caves, like beasts in a den.  
Improvement had ceased, despair stalked abroad,  
Famine and pestilence whetted the sword.  
Hardships, want, famine and pestilent breath  
Swept multitudes off to an unhonored death;  
Subjects rebelled, though our rule had been mild,  
And ruthlessly butchered man, woman and child.
- 5 The moraines were formed of rock, clay and sand,  
The rank moist lagoon became tillable land,  
The constant accretions moved steadily on,  
Till forced to succumb to the heat of the sun.  
The waters ice walled on the north changed mout'n,  
And their contents were drained to the far distant  
south  
Where Chicago's Creek and the Illinois flow,  
The lakes sought drainage to Mexico.

6 Races weaker in physique, but skilled in the arts,  
Used weapons of smoke 'gainst our arrows and darts.  
Walled by ice on one side, on the other fell foes,  
Sunk the sun of Maneeta, and nevermore rose.  
Numberless ages have swept to their graves,  
Gone are our wisemen, gone are our braves,  
Our nation has perished, its glories are gone,  
Oh! why am I left in my sorrow alone?

7 Once I read an old myth of a desperate fight  
'Twixt the Titans of old through the morn, noon and  
night  
Of an extended age: So, in hopeless defeat,  
The glacial band fought in their desperate retreat;  
Long they held to the line of the great northern  
waters,  
Long the lakes drained into the great Father of  
Waters,  
Till, the ice-barriers melted, like a laughing Lothario,  
The waves bounded north through the gorge of  
Ontario.

8 South of the line of the great Northern bay,  
From Laurentian hills to Rockamonta,  
Long the ice-barrier lodged: The lake of the north  
Took the debris the Assiniboia sent forth.  
By the constant action of Jupiter Pluvius  
The Morass and bog slowly filled with Alluvias,  
Till, bursting its bonds with a mighty huzza,  
The waters uncovered sweet Manitoba.

9 Oh, Manitoba! ere the glacial age, thou,  
From the great northern ocean to hot Mexico.  
From Labrador coasts to dark Florida,  
And west to the Rockies held limitless sway.  
The birch bark canoe floated over thy waters,  
O, brave were thy sons, and lovely thy daughters,  
My foresires in justice administered law,  
And peace ruled supreme throughout Manitoba.

10 O Manitoba, sweet clime of the north!  
God's country thou art; land of honor and worth.

I look down the ages, I see a new race,  
 Of different color, feature and face,  
 Covering the land, from the east to the west,  
 With broad iron roadways, with steeds of unrest,  
 That panting and snorting with fabulous loads  
 Scream with delight as they traverse thy roads.

11 A changeful, varying, unstable race,  
 Gifted with intellect, energy, grace.  
 In primeval forests the sharp rifle cracks,  
 And temples of learning keep pace with the axe.  
 Forces long hidden contribute their power,  
 Cities spring up as it were in an hour,  
 Strange temples, strange Gods; old faiths under ban.  
 Even the lightning of Jove is the servant of man.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again I look: Again great changes:  
 Low levelled are the mountain ranges.  
 The wide plateau with thread-like seams,  
 Growing into wild mountain streams,  
 Disintegrating, grinding, breaking,  
 Furrowing, pulverizing, shaking,  
 Gives block by block, or grain by grain,  
 What fills the distant sea or plain.  
 Each stream that crashes through the hill  
 Was once a harmless puny rill.  
 But frost, snow, sunshine, wind and rain  
 Have seamed the solid mountain plain  
 Like a hand wide spread: Each space between  
 The fingers is a mountain stream:  
 Naught left but ridges which try in vain  
 To hold the semblance of mountain chain.  
 But such has been: The Titans slaughter  
 Is but the action of wind and water,  
 Frost, ice and snow, Sol's piercing rays  
 Acting through countless, countless days,  
 And in different ages to come yet the chains  
 Of the ice king will captive hold Manito's plains.

\* \* \* \* \*

Look Eons yet adown the ages:  
 The Titans fight no longer rages.

The powers that have always master been  
Are vanquished now. Moisture and rain  
No longer vivify the plain.  
The waters that once over all the earth  
Rippled and laughed in innocent mirth,  
Retreating, brought forth first the mountain chain,  
Then, later uncovered the blushing plain;  
Raging and foaming in wild joyous glee;  
Levelling the plateau and filling the sea,  
Have filtered through the thirsty earth  
To hidden fires. Now a land of dearth.  
No longer does earth crust expand  
With earthquake shock. Dry, streamless land,  
Surrounded by an envelope  
Of ether that has not a drop  
Of moisture to provoke a storm,  
Or show the rainbow's hue and form.  
All life—fish, insect, quadruped,  
Bird, tree and herb forever dead.  
No moisture in the soil to nourish  
Plant life that once on earth did flourish.  
Earth's hidden stores of coal and oil,  
Reluctantly, had yielded all  
To keep man's ravening wants supplied  
Ere desperate nations sank and died.  
The rivers long had ceased to flow;  
No longer formed rain, ice or snow.  
The fiery sun as the ages swept by  
Was slowly cooling in the sky  
And now shone on a cloudless earth  
Intensely cold. Bald, sterile dearth  
Was in all things. Internal heat,  
Ages had been in full retreat;  
All substances that warmth could give,  
Whereby a remnant small could live  
A few more hours, had long since vanished:  
The race of man, chilled, desperate, famished,  
Extracting meager nutriment  
From fossil forms long since extinct;  
In desperate greed, brother 'gainst brother,  
Father 'gainst son, slew one another.

The mother with haggard eyes, and wild,  
No longer food could give her child;  
The weaker tribes had long since vanished;  
The stronger, decimated, famished;  
Driven to madness with the strain  
Of myriad phantasms in each brain,  
In bestial struggles to maintain  
A bare existence: Sank to animals,  
They lived as famished cannibals,  
Till all were gone. The world was dead.  
No ice sheet o'er the land was spread,  
No frosty filaments were seen  
To mark where moisture once had been;  
But, wrapped with pall of cold intense,  
No atmosphere for a defense,  
Earth sank to rest—a ruined world—  
No Titan fragments outward hurled,  
No furrowed, labyrinthine scars,  
No rude concussion of the stars  
Its death throes marked; No Vulcan's wrath,  
No conflagration in its path—  
Death settled, cold, majestic, grand  
As ice pall o'er the arctic land.



## THE ARTIST OF QUILLAMEQUAGGUM.

A Tale of Pre-Adamite Times by Crankus Vagarius.

---

- 1 If most costly elaborate viands  
Prepared by DeGastro of Gaul  
Were offered a confirmed dyspeptic,  
'Twould his gastric arrangements appal.  
Why? The man has no stomach, and so  
If I offer you food for the mind,  
And you have none to take it, don't grumble,  
But dig deep and a nugget you'll find.
- 2 I talk not to vacuous brainless snobs,  
Nor to icicled chumps of frigidity;  
Who, having no humor within themselves,  
Would stiffen us all to rigidity;  
Useless pimples and warts on natures broad face,  
Seeing nothing outside "our society"  
Would sneer at the thought of a good hearty laugh,  
The index of healthful variety.
- 3 Dear brothers and sisters of Quallamequag,  
'Tisn't often that poets and artists will brag;  
Though we gulp it down kindly, if our patrons will  
gush  
At our marvelous works with pen, graver and  
brush.  
And I'm sure I'll not feel that you use me ungallant  
If you say "brother Crankus shows wonderful  
talent."  
We artists and doctors may hang out our sign;  
But 'twill forfeit our caste to advertise a line.

4 In grand old Cardiff are a dozen church spires;  
 And all of these churches have organs and choirs,  
 Where each singer bellows with fervor and zest,  
 And every one thinks his own clack sounds the  
 best.  
 Ah! your poets and songsters are one-idead men.  
 They remind me dear friends of our old speckled  
 hen,  
 Who, laying an egg with immense ingenuity  
 Will ne'er rest content till she cackles to shew it ye,

5 Now your Fadladeen critic has little but curses  
 For the singer of songs or maker of verses.  
 The bee sips sweet honey from the flower he flies on;  
 Same, tapped by the spider yields nothing but  
 pizon.  
 Your leader of choir, your black warbler of "Caws,"  
 Each thinks his own music most merits applause;  
 So, critic, with songster and bard deal quite warily,  
 For Ego is large in their heads necessarily.

6 Do you think that Miller, Poe, Bryant, or Whittier  
 Would poetry write if they thought it unfit to hear?  
 Do you think that Harte, Stoddard, or Lowell de  
 Russell  
 Write verses just to cram under a bushel?  
 No! If drops something good from brush, pencil or  
 pen,  
 All cackle it forth like our old friend the hen;  
 This is well understood, though no words may be  
 said,  
 "Look! See what a beautiful egg I have laid."

7 "In pre-Adamite days they had lectures and plays,  
 And open air concerts legrand;  
 Where Quillamequaggumite numbskulls  
 The speakers oft hissed from the stand.  
 Often half-witted noodles, who thought themselves  
 smart,  
 Would groan, cat-call, hiss, snort and sneeze;  
 For those who know least about music and art  
 Are always the hardest to please."

8 "I grieve to record that in Quillamequag  
 Whenever an artist was singing,  
 The accompanying squad, on timbrel and lute  
 Made a most unmerciful dinging.  
 'Tis so even now, for, go to a play,  
 The orchestral bucks everlastingingly bray,  
 Pipe, fiddle and lute, drums, brasshorns and tin,  
 Drown music and words with their hideous din."

9 "To vocal effect, the instruments all  
 Should be subordinated,  
 And a merciless thumper on ivory  
 Is a nuisance that should be abated.  
 Good, plain spoken English in ballad or song  
 Though with moderate voice, by jingo!  
 Is better to me than a seraphim's note  
 Couched in some foreign lingo."

10 From Helico-bawl to Quillamequag,  
 Come, Professor "De-run-on-the-treble clef"  
 He selected some arias of classical fame  
 Which he played on the "Bang-till-he-make-'em-deaf."  
 Such music! alas! 'Tis not heard in our age;  
 He performed the Grand Wagner Enharmonic;  
 And forty-seven whang-doodles howling with rage  
 Would be mild to his cyclone climacteric.

11 "'Twas a failure! Alas! Some boys in the pit,  
 With heads soft enough to be plastic,  
 Cried, 'Rats,' 'Wipe off your chin,' 'Chestnuts,'  
 'Give us a rest,'  
 With other remarks quite sarcastic.  
 'Tis the same in this age. The average crowd  
 Is for minstrel tomfoolery burning,  
 As the Manna fed hordes of Moses  
 For the flesh pots of Egypt were yearning."

12 "I have known many ladies of wealth,  
 Refinement and social position  
 To whisper, sneer, giggle and laugh  
 While their neighbors were trying to listen.

Small meed has the artist to squander  
On such infinitesimal brains  
The well conceived double entendre  
Or the jest that is chiseled with pains.”

13 “I decry not the comical ditty,  
The jest or the minstrel’s art,  
Quaint Sambo’s mishaps in the city,  
Or brave Teddy exploring the mart;  
But I pray you be fair to your neighbor  
Who does not appreciate levity;  
Though you think to laugh and grow fat  
Is conducive to health and longevity.”

14 “The crowd cheers the grossest buffoonery;  
The antics of Yawcob or Pat,  
Where fine wit and delicate humor  
Would fall, as a batter cake, flat.  
'Tis the kernel that's hid in the nut;  
Takes a little brain effort to crack it,  
While the dullest can laugh at an idiot,  
Pin a tag on George Washington's jacket.”

15 “Ah! The world, social life, Mistress Grundy,  
methinks  
Are much the same now as of yore,  
For the plain man of modest merit  
Is dwarfed by the side of a blower.  
Aye! The man that is guiltless of brains  
Is sure to be puffed and conceited,  
As the monster balloon: 'Tis a slender affair  
When of Hydrogen gas 'tis depleted.”

16 “How oft we see brazen effontery  
For genuine merit mistaken,  
How oft the true husband or wife  
For some shameless intriguer forsaken.  
Your chaffy wheat stalk standeth straight  
And scorns the filled head of the other,  
As some collegebred makeshift, with orders,  
Looks down on his less fortunate brother.”

17 "Your Clay-eating, snuff-dipping women  
Are most angry unless they're dubbed ladies,  
And your goody-good prayers and preachers  
Dread cholera, fever and rabies.  
Your poet who sings of "Sweet Home"  
Is either an outcast or tramp,  
As your ranter of hellfire and brimstone  
Is a rascal, a fool or a scamp."

18 "Your honey-sweet warbler, I fear  
Is the devil to children and wife,  
And your fork-using critic but lately  
Only knew how to brandish his knife.  
Ah! I think that the world is a farce,  
That in Denmark—there's something quite rotten,  
When I see country girls dumped in town  
Don't know pumpkins, squash, carrots or cotton."

19 "In Quillamequag they had doctors of physic  
Who cured all complaints from lumbago to  
phthisic,  
Or professed so to do; for their medical schools  
Would often grind out some unmerciful fools.  
'Gainst one luckless wight they would roar like  
dangnation.  
For modestly arguing the blood's circulation.  
Hiss 'quack!' 'fool!' empiric!' and hurl brickbats  
and rocks  
'Gainst the man that would advocate using  
cowpox."

20 "At Cardiff and Swansea the flashy-dressed maid  
Shuns her over-worked, ignorant mother,  
And the starveling dude looks down with contempt  
On his plain dressed mechanical brother.  
Matilda, Louisa, Jerusha and Jane  
Will sneer at a thrifty mechanic,  
While the gorgeous clerk working for six-bits a day  
Will set the dear things in a panic."

21 "'Twas thus long ago; and how often we notice

The partners our girls choose for German or  
Schottische,  
To sensible men they act boorish or rude,  
While they cling like grim death to the spider  
legged dude.  
If I venture to say, 'neice, this man has some  
brain'—  
'Brain's a thin thing to dance with, dear uncle,'  
says Jane.  
'Talent like that doesn't count,' says Ann Meigs,  
'But there's genius sure in the twirl of Bob's  
legs.' "

22 "Metheglyn too stout makes a big bugaboo,  
Disturbing good quiet folks slumber,  
And a number six foot in a number three shoe  
Breeds bunions and corns without number.  
For fashion's sake, girls with a thirty inch girth  
Compress it with corset to twenty,  
And go to the boneyard at twenty and eight  
When they might have been healthy at seventy."

23 "Your parvenu, suddenly lifted to wealth,  
That on lousy old chums bangs the door,  
Ditto, wife from the washtub to affluence raised,  
Now exacting and harsh to the poor,  
Disgusted will turn from a grand masterpiece  
By Raphael, Turner or 'Bob'  
To a play bill engraved with a hatchet,  
Which at once they pronounce the best job."

24 "If an artist of exquisite talent  
Should play on the viol or lute  
In strains of melodious sweetness,  
It fails their coarse natures to suit.  
To their neighbors whose keener perception  
Appreciates beauty and art,  
They whisper, 'say, don't you think old Bob Jenkins  
Fiddles better nor that a right smart?'"

25 "In Quillamequag, Dame Fashion decrees  
That an actress, in order the public to please

Must have twenty gallants at least in her train,  
 Though but one is entitled to call her 'sweet  
 Jane,'  
 According to law,—'tis a mighty thin show  
 If an actress has only one string to her bow.  
 A much married actress draws better than one  
 That is cold, prudish, chaste, and tries evil to  
 shun."

26 "With us 'tis the same: With faultless sur-  
 roundings,

An actress will fail to draw nabobs or groundlings.  
 'Jerusalem Jenkins,' or 'Gloria Patrie'

Give place on the boards to bold 'Cleopatra.'  
 To rouse public feeling way down to the bottom,  
 Dame Scandal must point to Langtry and Sara;  
 Then to get choice of seats the bald magnates of  
 Gotham

Will rush like the winds o'er the plains of  
 Sahara."

27 "Your wrinkled old actor tries his best to look young,  
 Though windbroken, squinteyed, half deaf and  
 knee sprung.

He swears in his bills (though he pads every limb)  
 That the ladies are madly devoted to him,

And send him love letters, a deluging shower,  
 Which to stop is entirely out of his power.

Fifty such letters he burns every day—  
 Bah! They were every one written by a scribe in  
 his pay."

28 "In Quillamequag councils, 'tis said that their  
 solons,

Though counting spondulix by hundreds of  
 millions;

Placed in power by the people, will bleed 'em or  
 bust,

To further the schemes of some big sugar trust,  
 Fed on blue grass, dear colonels are apt to wax  
 furious

And thicken blue ether with language sulphurous,

Or with top-lofty language in church matters shine  
While bobbing their bald pates at SWEET  
MADELINE.”

29 “The patriot brave for his party God howls.  
And shouts loud as hired chief mourners,  
And with filth his opponents fair nest befouls  
To crowds round saloons and street corners.  
Protection, free silver, bimetal or gold,  
The way that the matter now stands,  
No matter who wins, the poor rascal can bet  
He’s a dupe in monopolists hands.”

30 “Free coinage, each rich silver baron will smile  
With a fourteen inch grin on his phiz;  
And if gold wins, the rich manufacturing crowd  
Will immediately open up bizz.  
Huge deals are in fashion; the populists there  
Are with democrats rubbing their noses,  
While in Texas repubs, pops and gold men well  
fused,  
To the daises are turning their toeses.”

31 “At court balls, receptions, and fancy soirees,  
The Quillamequag damsels the public to please,  
In the hot flush of youth, would surge through the  
press,  
As they do in our times, all arrayed in full dress.  
What a monstrous misnomer! Yet, though Solons  
wax sad  
To see lovely women so scantily clad;  
While my pulse bounds with life, I’m free to confess,  
’Tis refreshing to see ladies decked in full dress.”

32 “I have sometimes been asked why I choose simple  
songs  
Instead of grand classical Arias?  
You are certain as night follows day to lose caste  
And be classed among musical pariahs.  
Here is John Wynde, Kate Squeal, Nan Screech and  
Bob Blower,  
Our boss choir, thinks such music a scandal;

Root, Emerson, DAVIES, and Bliss they ignore,  
And sing only Mozart and Handel."

33 "Have you heard them?" "I have." "Did you like them?" "So, so."  
"They're the best in the county." "Oh! yes, yes,  
I know,  
Every choir is the best, though each wind-broken  
rascal  
Will shamefully butcher grand music and classical.  
A Forzando tone will remorselessly cut it off,  
Beat time with their voices when singing a dotted  
half,  
Squeal, bellow and fret in a manner most strange,  
Yet always select music out of their range."

34 "Each amateur songster as soon as he's able  
Plain music to grapple, shoves it under the table;  
And your band tyro thinks that with Gabriel's key  
bugle  
He could rouse up the dead like Khan Khoob, the  
grand mogul.  
They sneer at plain songs and to Tophet they fling  
them;  
Then of classical anthems they make a sad guy.  
Such arias I leave to the few that can sing them,  
Dear friends, and the numberless thousands that  
try."

35 "In musical matters you'll find some quite prominent  
Who don't know a Tonic chord from a sub-  
dominant;  
Fret, scowl, pinch their throats, (unmusical grind)  
Where the voice should roll free as the unfettered  
wind.  
Even the clergy—tread softly—there's not one in ten  
Gives sentiment, feeling, or force to a hymn  
When they read it; I tell you, dear friends, 'tis as  
wrong  
To butcher the words, as to murder the song."

## THE VILLAGE CHOIR.

BY MISS HIGH SEE.

36 "Let me show you, dear friends, our new village choir.  
 To sing like an angel each one does aspire.  
 Sure there's Mary and Jane, there's Kitty and Fan,  
 oh!  
 They sing with my help most delightful soprano.  
 There's our sky-scraping tenor, with throat fit to  
 lasso,  
 Craned to reach upper "B;" then Jim Collins the  
 basso,  
 Here is Mattie McCoon and her sweet sister Sal, too;  
 Great spoons! Don't they sing most amazing  
 sweet alto?

37 There's a cloud in the sky, not predicted by Vennor.  
 Sal and Mattie McCoon have gone back on the  
 tenor;  
 They aver it a fact, and they're able to show it;  
 He sang three notes on their staff, when his score  
 was below it.  
 Need I tell you dear friends, such small things I  
 detest;  
 But in singing soprano all know I'm the best;  
 If any so bold as deny this position,  
 Better order a coffin or get a physician.

38 Why, just think! F Sharp our tall tenore immaculate,  
 Is determined the choir he will never evacuate;  
 And he swears that Jim Collins, the Basso Profundo,  
 Sings by mains strength, Primo, Tertio, Secundo.  
 And, to tell you the truth, though an excellent  
 fellow,  
 Our leader B Flat does most terribly bellow;  
 His voice is too loud for Jane, Kitty and Fan, oh!  
 If it wasn't for me you could hear no soprano."

## “THE WORD AT THE DOOR.”

BY BOB BROWN.

39 At a neighbor's, last winter, my wife and myself  
Were making a neighborly call;  
The farewells were spoken at nine o'clock sharp,  
As she placed on her bonnet and shawl;  
“Let me whisper one word”—at a quarter to ten,  
Two streams of small talk still were pouring;  
While poor I on the lounge, with my overcoat on,  
Was contentedly sleeping and snoring.

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## THE MAJOR TELLS WHAT HE KNOWS.

BY DITTO.

40 As a scribe for the Banner, I once made a call  
On a capital chap, Major Hattel.  
He alone in the army saw Swingletree fall,  
While leading his corps into battle.  
Says I, “Major H., you saw Swingletree fall?”  
“Why yes, my dear fellow, God bless you!”  
“Then be kind enough, Major, to tell what you  
know,  
And we'll publish it in our next issue.”

41 To this he assented, we took out some chairs,  
Placed our feet on the piazza railings;  
But I soon found that long winded stories  
Was one of the Major's failings.  
I sat him three days. He began at the war,  
At night talked of Russia and Poland,  
Next night talked of Smith and the big “Injun” girl,  
And the next night of Christopher Colon.

42 My patience exhausted, at last, says I, “Major  
I am really unable to see  
What the ‘dickens’ all this palaver  
Has to do with my friend Swingletree.”  
“A vast deal, sir,” responded the Major,

"As I'll quickly proceed to show;  
 For you dodgasted rascal, you asked me  
 To tell you all that I know."

43 "I have been thus minute in description, says he,  
     To remove all doubts and perplexity,  
     But I've used up no hour saying, just one word  
         more  
     As your wife, sir, while holding the knob of the  
         door."  
 Stumped at this, bewildered and caught in my  
     trap,  
     I hastily picked up my satchel and cap.  
 "Now," says he, "I'm sorry, friend Brown, you  
     must go  
     For in three or four years I might tell what I  
         know."

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### THE RIVAL SONGSTERS:

OR,

### THE NIGHTINGALE AND CROW.

44 'Tis said that one time in the long, long ago  
     A nightingale had a dispute with a crow  
     As to which was the better musician.  
     Each stoutly maintained that his voice was the  
         sweetest  
     The highest, the lowest, the clearest, the greatest;  
     Each vowed the tune taught by his own dad the  
         neatest,  
     And the one altogether sufficient.

45 The spite in his bosom each bird failed to smother,  
     For whenever they met, they assailed one another  
     With rancorous hate in their greetings.  
     Each felt of the other most terribly jealous,  
     Each would puff, swell and bluster while filling his  
         bellows

To toot, as full oft I have noticed two fellows  
Of the human persuasion, at meetings.

46 As boys of today grow in time to be daddies,  
As a quarrel must come to hard knocks 'twixt two  
paddies,  
So their row to a focus tended.  
But neighbors of one said to friends of the other,  
"Let us hush if we can this outrageous bother."  
So they stated to one bird, and then to the other  
A plan by which things might be mended.

47 Each bird then required a vast deal of teasing  
Before he would listen to sound sense or reason,  
For the plan, as proposed, was a wise one.  
"Let us travel a straight line, due east and west,  
'Till we come to a rock, then we'll sit down and  
rest,  
And who first approaches, bird, man or beast,  
Shall tell which to place this prize on."

48 At last they agreed to this sensible plan;  
And the nightingale hoped 'twould be left to a  
man  
With some glimmer of musical taste.  
"Faugh! Hear that old crow with his boisterous  
hooting"—  
Listen to me—"Bah!" says the crow, "stop your old  
tooting—  
Why the devil keep up this foolish disputing,  
My CAWS shall not thus be disgraced."

49 They journeyed along 'till they came to a rock;  
When the nightingale's feelings received a rude  
shock,  
For who should approach but John Donkey.  
However, the compact could not be debated,  
So quickly, to John the question was stated,  
Who with unwonted honor felt highly elated,  
Though some good folks reckoned John cranky.

50 "Well," (brays) says John, "I'll accept the position with pleasure,  
 Come, Sir Nightingale, troll us a stave, or a measure,  
 A song, hymn, ditty or ballad;  
 For music, you see, I've a bountiful ear,  
 And my voice (brays) is always amazingly clear;  
 Here my bones I will rest, while you tune up, my dear,  
 Faith I'll munch this fine bundle of salad."

51 Then the nightingale perched on some tall granite rocks  
 And his notes would wring tears from the heart of an ox,  
 So clearly and sweetly they blended.  
 All bird-dom acknowledged him musical king;  
 Aye, even the bird of the grand swooping wing;  
 Never, never such notes did a nightingale sing;  
 All nature was hushed when he ended.

52 "Well, (brays) my friend, you're a buster, you are sharp as a Yankee,  
 And you sing doggone well," says our noble John Donkey,  
 "But as yet I withhold my decision;  
 An umpire must list to both sides, you must know,  
 So we'll lend our ears to our friend, Master Crow;  
 Come, Jimmy, cheer up, show us what you can do—  
 All right, that's a splendid position."

53 James M. Crow takes position, he clears up his throat—  
 Now the prairie resounds with the harsh screeching note  
 Of his CAW, CAW so long drawn and lanky.  
 See! our donkey judge loses all sense of decorum;  
 He strides up and down like a man in the forum,  
 And joins in the song with his hic (bray) hoc (brays) horum (brays)  
 In the soul stirring strains of a donkey.

54 "I know (brays) Master Nightingale that maketh you sick.

Ah! 'tis seldom I hear such excellent music;  
'Tis almost as good as what I make,  
Whenever I serenade (brays) charming Miss  
Jennet—

Ho! She kicks up her heels and is gay as a linnet—  
I can not withhold my decision a minute—  
The prize doth our friend Master Crow take."

55 Much more of this sort says one excellent judge;  
While the nightingale hangs down his head and  
says "fudge"—

In the tone of an old time Virginian.

"I'm compelled to abide by our judge's award  
Though any fool knows the decision absurd;  
But yet I will sing and my voice shall be heard;  
This, at best, is a donkey's opinion."

## THE STORY OF BELLY-GROW-BIG,

### THE FAMOUS WELSH EATER.

56 The Quillamequags of famous Cardiff,  
In Pre-Adamite days long gone by,  
Sent for Belly-Grow-Big, the Welshman,  
One Christmas, or Fourth of July,  
Saying, "Sure we have wagered, friend Belly,  
As you are more than an ordinary 'Taffy'  
That you can at a single sitting  
Devour a four-hundred pound calffy."

57 A smile of lordly dimensions  
Crossed the face of our primitive Taffy;  
"I'll do it tomorrow," "No, do it today,  
We are now barbecuing the calffy."  
"Good day boys," says he, "Au revoir, au revoir,  
I'll be back in two hours and a half;  
I'm going to Swansea to gobble an ox,  
Returning I'll tackle your calffy."

## THEOLOGY IN QUILLAMEQUAGGUM.

## SHOWING OUR VAST SUPERIORITY.

58 'Twas a strange faith that flourished in Quilla-mequay.  
 Superstition, deep-dyed in the wool, there held sway.  
 They believed in a God of all nature:  
 Held that all things existent were made by his hand;  
 That he had no pet people, no base cut-throat band,  
 That suns, systems, planets—the universe grand  
 Moved throughout space by the will and command  
 Of this one indivisible Maker.

59 Their reasons were warped, for they firmly believed  
 That all men were destined, in time to be saved  
 From the gloom of a shadowing hell.  
 That in the grand plan of creation, man's ways  
 From youth to old age, through life's devious maze  
 Was known from the first to the Ancient of Days,  
 Who said of his work, "It is well."

60 How feeble such dogmas to us who are schooled  
 In modern theology. Tempted, tried, ruled  
 By diabolic monsters of evil;  
 Luring man to his fall, giving God the blank lie,  
 Sowing discord throughout the broad realms of the sky,  
 Uplifting foul arms to dethrone the Most High,  
 Led by Satan, the grand master devil.

61 Ah! we relish strong creeds, though ninetenths of mankind  
 God's mandates find cruel, harsh, devilish, unkind,  
 Tried by modern robustious theology.  
 "Though Christ died for all, yet on quivering sand,  
 Lapped by treacherous waves, the unorthodox stand:  
 We are saved, yet hell's jaws for our foes will expand  
 And devils will shout their doxology."

## STORY OF BISHOP PINCH-LIMB.

62 'Tis a tale of a worthy old bishop who traveled  
In Wales, headquarters at Swansea,  
Who, like many a man with an overworked noddle,  
Possessed one peculiar fancy;  
But so firmly impressed and believed in, that  
nothing  
His friends said could soothe him or pacify;  
It was this: As age drew upon him, he feared  
That his bodily members would ossify.

63 A most excellent man, yet this one monomania  
He talked through the cities and provinces;  
And knowing this foible 'tis said that his friends  
For the same made all needful allowances.  
Hip, thigh, leg and arm he would pinch every day  
Making thus a careful analysis,  
To observe that each member when pinched should  
display  
No signs of approaching paralysis.

64 The Countess of Gower invited the bishop,  
Lords, knights and fair ladies to tussle  
With an elegant dinner of beef and plum pudding  
She had spread on the boards of the castle.  
On the right of the countess one worthy old priest,  
Dressed in farthingale, surplice and gown,  
Blessed the board and all present, and then to the  
feast  
All hands and the cook sat down.

65 He grabbed at his leg for the usual analysis,  
While an extra broad smile illuminated her grace.  
Still harder he pinched, but the dreaded paralysis  
Was certainly coming to judge from his face.  
At first a pained look, then a yell like cat screeching  
From one good worthy priest, who in great con-  
sternation  
Yelled "'tis on me at last—it has come sure as  
preaching!  
I've been pinching my legs yet I feel no sensation."

66 Lords, ladies and knights shook their heads and commented

At such a finale to such a grand feast;  
 Some averred the good bishop was surely demented,  
 When the countess addressed thus the people and priest:  
 "Be easy, good friends, stop this racket and row;  
 Be seated again and finish the stew;  
 For this is the truth," said the Countess of Gower,  
 "'Tis my legs he's been pinching the last half an hour."

### THE ARTIST OF QULLAMEQUAGGUM.

BY CRANKUS VAGARIUS OF YE OLDEN TIME.

67 'Tis said in the mythical days of the past, sir,

The first artist essayed a picture;  
 And spying a quadruped out in the pasture  
 He produced an amazing caricature.  
 Unlike modern artists with palette, brush, stool,  
 Canvass, easel, and pigments in plenty;  
 His paint and his brush was a piece of charcoal,  
 And his canvass, a rock hard and flinty.

68 Like an urchin when rearing a structure of blocks,

Our artist was highly delighted,  
 And gleefully made many scrawls on the rocks  
 To show to his brethren benighted.  
 To the call of the artist, howe'er it was made,  
 A hundred or more came together;  
 Just as now, every boy in the squad knowing more  
 Than his DADDY and MAM put together.

69 Now whether by whistling, by squeaking or  
 grunting,

For language devices, I care not;  
 Whether naked and hairy, or covered with bunting,  
 For truth's sake, to tell you I dare not;  
 But ignoring all questions of costume and style,

A hundred or more for a quorum,  
 "Guess what 'tis," said the artist: then each took  
 one trial,  
 As he gazed on the picture before him.

70 In deliberate fashion then stepped to the front  
 John Quillamequaggum, the elder,  
 He gave a most knowing and sensible grunt,  
 And said 'twas a Whack-till e-welder!  
 Now these like the Fetch-your-gun Johnnie's have  
 gone  
 To the morass, the bog and the sink-hole,  
 Along with the Mastock, the Ichthy-co-john,  
 And the Hy-drix-i-col-i-co-dinkle.

71 Old John stepped aside, then sweet Peggy, his bride,  
 With a fur coat as sleek as a beaver,  
 Her eyeglass screwed in, shook her bracelets  
 of tin,  
 And vowed that they could not deceive her,  
 For she and old John for eight hundred years  
 Had kept their eyes peeled, HOLY MOSES!  
 And this picture evincing such artistic skill  
 Is meant for a Drink-mit-your-noses.

72 The third one affirmed that old Peggy and John  
 Being so aged, were scarcely to blamee  
 But cosmopolites, surely, could tell from the  
 sketch  
 'Twas a Melican-man-alle-samee.  
 The fourth one averred, "from the size of the flaps  
 Like panniers each side of a saddle  
 As I have but one guess you must see that I am  
 right;  
 'Tis a Fetch-him-a-lick-on-the-noddle."

73 Number five now danced in with a hop, skip and  
 jump,  
 Saying, "aw that ith weally quite fine,  
 But 'twould weally be bettah if ouah ahtist had  
 uthed  
 Nithe blue colahed chahcoal like mine."

Ah! A dude of the dudes was our friend number five,

He parted his hair in the middle:  
Of a musical turn he would rasp hour by hour  
His one tune (brays) on the Quillamequag fiddle.

74 Rejoice, clothing men that you live in our day;  
Ye Christian, ye Pagan, ye Jew,  
For the raiment in fashion in Quillamequay  
Gave the clothiers but little to do.  
Skintight was his outfit, bewitching his phiz  
As any in Barnum's zoology;  
Modern dudes! What are they? Simply copies  
reduced  
Of the dudes before Homer's Geology.

75 The next one says "Brethren of Quillamequag,  
Our artist has sure made a puzzle;  
It mostly resembles a Whall-a-me-whag,  
Though his ears are too long for his nozzle.  
But aside from some defects in shaping his nose,  
And one leg being six inches the shortest,  
If it is'nt meant for a Whall-a-me-whag  
It's a Pack-up-your-duds-son-and-go-west."

76 Thus one and the other vented their criticisms  
On the work of the artist in charcoal:  
The punster delivered some marvelous witticisms,  
While the artist wished him in a dark hole.  
They all seemed to think that the artist had taste,  
Though his efforts seemed pained and laborious,  
And thought if he worked six or eight hundred  
years,  
He might really wax quite meritorious.

77 The poor artist wept. Do you wonder my friends?  
He resigned his artistic profession;  
But when feeble and ready to meet the pall-bearers,  
He made this alarming confession;  
"That 'twas neither a Mastock, an Ichthy-co-john,  
A Hy-drix-i-col-i-co-dinkle.

A pack-up-your-duds-and-go-west-my-dear-son,  
But a Quadru-ped-hos-per-i-winkle."

78 When art thus from Quillamequaggum was banished,  
These three-fingered gents went to fighting,  
'Till like Kilkenny cats, the last warrior vanished,  
Which their maids left a pitiful plight in.  
But whether fresh beaux with more or less toes  
For a time these fair Amazons cherished,  
Is more than you, I or any one knows,  
For the last Quillamequaggumite perished.

79 Perished! Perished! Alas! They mingled their  
forms  
With the dust of the Megathausorum  
And the bones of the Cardiff giants hobnob  
With the Big rooster high cock-a-lo-rum.  
They sleep their last sleep; but science, alas!  
Has evolved their remains from the caskets;  
And found by careful analysis,  
That they make MOST EXCELLENT PHOSPHATES.

80 And along with remains of the Ichthy-co-john,  
The Quadruped-hoss-per-i-winkle,  
The Pack-up-your-duds-and-go-west-my-dear-son  
And the Hy-drix-i-col-i-co-dinkle,  
Are skeletons vast, of long since defunct types;  
That would stagger Munchausen's rich fancy,  
Which as pulverized phosphates once more are  
diffused  
O'er the valleys of Cardiff and Swansea.



## THE RESCUE OF ZINGALAY.

AN EPISODE OF THE MATABELE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA IN 1896.

- 1 "To horse! to horse! in the twilight gray;  
To horse! to horse! for the Matabele  
Have risen in arms and are thundering down,  
With vindictive wrath, on fair Zingalay's town."  
Their sinewy forms on coursers fleet,  
That reck not of storm or the mid-sun's heat,  
Sweep all before them in frenzy and wrath;  
Leaving a fire-ravaged desolate path.  
Armed with magazine rifle and sharp assegai;  
Death! death is the watchword of Matabele.
- 2 "To horse, boys, to horse!" over hill and away,  
The troopers are off for the Matabele.  
There are forty odd miles to Zingalay's town,  
And the hillsides are barren, and parched and brown.  
Ho! merry their hearts, but fierce gleams the light  
In the eyes of each man as he speeds to the fight.  
Reckless plainsmen are they that would spring into  
death  
With a smile on the face and a jest on the breath  
To save helpless ones from the Matabele,  
The blood-reeking dart or the sharp assegai.
- 3 Little is said till they sweep o'er the brow  
Of the mountain. "God's blessing! see how  
They're fighting! dash on, on!" said laughing Will  
Brown,  
"Perhaps we can yet save fair Zingalay town.  
Ah! fierce is the conflict and keen is the strife  
Down in the vale where they're fighting for life.  
Fire and smoke mark the wreck of the outlying  
kraal—  
Hark! the sound of the battle is borne on the  
gale—  
On, on gallant boys, soon we'll join in the fray  
With these bloodthirsty devils of Matabele."

4 Ho! The heart of each rider beats high in his breast.  
 Here are sons of the east, the south, north and west.  
 Men from Cambridge, from Yale, Oxford, Italy, Spain,  
 In far Afric are brothers, lured by prospects of gain.  
 Ah! wherever the savage with murderous knife  
 Wantons with innocent blood, then, in strife  
 Each is kin to the other, country's claims are ignored,  
 For Civilization each man draws his sword,  
 As these to the rescue of Zingalay ride  
 O'er the sun-scorched plain and the steep mountain side.

5 When the last stand was made on the Little Big Horn,  
 The strains of 'Our Country' on the breezes were borne  
 As Custer's doomed men with true Spartan pride,  
 Died like brave Greeks on Thermopyle's side.  
 Now, three years have vanished since Wilson's  
 brave men,  
 Trapped in the savage Lobengulas den;  
 Cut off from succor by Shanganis' flood,  
 While hordes of black Impi's were thirsting for  
 blood,  
 Sang "God Save the Queen" as they perished that  
 day,  
 When they made their last fight 'gainst the  
 Matabele.

6 'The old guard,' by murderous onslaugts depleted,  
 When from Moscow, in winter, the Frenchmen  
 retreated,  
 Had dwindled, till, crossing Borysthenes' flood,  
 But one man was left who the foemen withstood.  
 He, faint from deep wounds, still stands to his  
 arms,

As the Cossacks press round him with wars wild alarms;  
 E'en the rude sons of Asia respectfully stand,  
 And, scorning to slay the last of that band,  
 They list to his challenge, with hearts strangely tender,  
 "The old guard may die but will never surrender."

7 Ah! we of the western world glory in thought  
 Of the deeds that our Saxon forefathers have wrought.  
 The ~~Heaven~~ that unites us in one common land,  
 Peacefully sharing our heritage grand,  
 Comes from the blood of our English fore-sires,  
 Fearlessly offered on Liberty's fires.  
 To our Saxon ancestry, then let us prove true;  
 Yet true to our colors, the red, white and blue;  
 So let hearts throb with pride as our kindred and clay  
 Are victorious now o'er the Matabele.

8 "Fire a volley now, boys, let them know we are near—  
 Charge up yon hillside with a good rousing cheer—  
 Now plunge in the fight." Ho! the Matabele  
 Are taken by storm and they yield in the fray.  
 The settlers, hard-pressed in the unequal battle,  
 Fighting from ramparts of bullet-slain cattle  
 That in haste they had driven the previous night  
 With loved ones for safety to Zingalay's height,  
 Had fought against terrible odds all that day  
 'Gainst magazine rifle and sharp assegai.

9 Ho! success to Rhodesia! let Brittain have sway;  
 For Ham to the Aryan, must yield in the fray.  
 Celt, Saxon, Latin, the heart of each ranger  
 Scorned the thought of peril or danger.  
 Right or wrong be the cause, when humanity  
 cries,  
 Man flies to the rescue; he conquers or dies.  
 So Spartan in honor, in valor and pride,  
 They rode as only the fearless can ride;

Then a health to the troopers who saved Zingalay  
From the murderous cut-throats of Matabele.

0 All colonization is based upon wrong.  
Did our fore-sires do right when they bought for a  
song  
From the untutored Indian, the vast fertile plains  
East and west of the great Appalachian chains?  
Even now in the west, in the great reservation,  
Though bound by our Uncle Sam's sealed  
obligation,  
Peaceful, it may be, but still sure and slow,  
There are forces at work undermining poor 'Lo,'  
For 'Saxa' and 'Arya' with banners unfurled,  
Resistlessly march to the sway of the world.

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### ONLY A POOR MECHANIC.

1 "'Tis only a poor mechanic." 'Twas quickly noised  
around,  
As in breathless haste the people rushed where ruin  
strewed the ground.  
"The damage to life is very light, but the loss falls  
very heavy  
On Hardgrip and Pinchnickel by this bursting of  
their levee."

2 "'Tis only a poor mechanic: I'm sorry, but feel  
worse  
For Brother Hardgrip who is hurt in person and in  
purse;  
For with all this wreck and ruin, 'twill take a month  
to make up  
The losses that he has sustained by this confounded  
shake-up."

3 "'Tis only a poor mechanic." What notes of deep  
disdain!  
But the anguished face of the weeping wife was  
furrowed o'er with pain;

"Oh, God! our help, our stay is gone—what shall we  
do for bread,  
Now husband, father, ALL is gone—he breathes—he  
is not dead!

4 For Christ's sake, fetch a surgeon, quick!" the  
stricken woman cried;  
"Perhaps his life may yet be saved if remedies are  
tried."  
But the surgeon dresses Hardgrip's toe, slight  
though the bruises be,  
Nor deigns to look at the dying man till guaranteed  
his fee.

5 " 'Tis only a poor mechanic; that's all; and he is  
dead."  
His wife and children roam the streets in the strug-  
gle for daily bread,  
While in the hated Potter's field unknown, unwept  
at large,  
They cursed the poor mechanic buried there at the  
city's charge.

6 Only a poor mechanic; yet the widowed and father-  
less mourn  
O'er the loss of loving protector from their arms  
thus rudely torn;  
And tears of bitterest anguish o'er that lonely grave  
are shed,  
Though sculptured marble marks not where rests the  
lowly dead.

7 Only a poor mechanic, scarce missed from the busy  
crowd,  
With a heart that sighed for a better lot, with an  
honest soul endowed,  
Who toiled and struggled with might and main for  
wife and loved ones dear,  
But had failed to lay bright dollars by, a rainy day  
to cheer.

8 Who judges the worth of the casket before he has  
lifted the lid?  
Ah! beneath an uncouth exterior a sensitive soul  
oft is hid;  
Then, success to the poor mechanic, though scanty  
and small be his pay,  
Who labors for those that are dearest through the  
turmoil and dust of the day.

9 Ah! sometimes this thought does impress us as being  
exceedingly queer,  
That men with incomes, five, ten, twenty thousand a  
year  
Will mutter and grumble that prices so exorbitant  
they must pay  
These extortionate GREASY mechanics who charge  
them two dollars a day.

10 And if financial misfortunes o'ertake a poor laboring  
man,  
God pity, assist and defend him from sharks of the  
Hardgrip clan  
Who would take, without scruple, the last from  
his little coffer and store,  
And like insatiate demons still greedily watch for  
more.

11 Aye! who would compel their victims, despite their  
pressing need,  
To pledge all future prospects to stay their insatiate  
greed.  
What reck they that every advantage from childhood  
is swept away,  
So their capacious pockets absorb the mechanics  
pay?

12 Honor the brave mechanic, aye! honor the work of  
his hand;  
For that is the sign of advancement and culture in  
every land;  
Who looks for civilization where his foot-prints have  
not been?

Who looks for science and art and law where the  
wigwam and hovel are seen?

13 Honor the brave mechanic whose labor your homes  
adorn;  
Hail him as 'man and brother' with a welcome hearty  
and warm;  
All are children of ONE GREAT PARENT, the boun-  
tiful GOD OF LOVE;  
The MASTER MECHANIC AND BUILDER of the  
eternal worlds above.

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### "CUTTING THE TROCHA."

A CUBAN EPISODE—1896.

1 "Away for the line of the trocha." The band,  
With revolver in holster and machete in hand,  
Stealthily pass in the night, cut the wires,  
Spring on the parapet, kindle the fires.  
The sentries on duty are swept from their feet  
With murderous bullet and deadly machete.  
A panic ensues for the moment; but then  
The long roll is sounded, the quick tramp of men  
Is heard on all sides; so the leader, Bob Day,  
Shouts "Vamose the ranch, away lads, away."

2 A rapid retreat, a vault onto horse—  
To the hills, to the hills they are taking their  
course.  
At a good swinging gallop they ride full three hours;  
Rest their steeds—"list! hark! saddle boys, by the  
powers!  
That's the tramp of pursuers." They have mounted  
again  
And are speeding away over valley and plain;  
They gain for a time on the band in pursuit,  
"Ho, ho," laughs Bob Day, "every dandy galoot  
Is safe and sound yet, and if horse-flesh holds out,  
In less than an hour we'll be in our redoubt."

3 The sun has arisen—"look! look down the road;  
 See that squad of guerrillas bent on plunder—by  
 G—d!  
 We must rescue the women those scoundrels have  
 bound—  
 Charge 'em boys." Four rascals have bitten the  
 ground;  
 The three women mount on the steeds thus released,  
 Then all speed again towards the hills in the east.  
 "We are half a mile yet in advance of yon troop,  
 And we lack a doggoned heap of being in the soup;  
 Look to your tools, boys, there's four to our one,  
 And if they round us up there'll be bushels of fun."

4 A volley of musketry rings on the air—  
 "Ride to the front, we will bring up the rear,"  
 Said Bob Day to the Cubans who smiled in reply,  
 "Nay, we are not cowards, we fear not to die.  
 Stop not for us if we fall in the strife,  
 But ride for the lines as you value your life;  
 We know how to handle our weapons full well,  
 And, come to the worst, our lives we can sell;  
 My life is no more than yours, senor," says she,  
 "And I'll part with it freely for Liberty."

5 A volley—another—two men bite the dust—  
 "Take to the timber—we'll whip 'em, or bust—  
 Up the ravine—by the big sainted Turk,  
 But we've got 'em demoralized! shoot in your  
 work—  
 Dismount—keep your cattle 'twixt you and the foe."  
 A dozen or more of the foemen lie low.  
 The senoras smile for in front of them lay  
 The forms of four horsemen that fell in the fray.  
 Now one-half of the foemen are stealthily seen  
 Moving through copse that commands the ravine.

6 "Mount again, charge the troop that are barring the  
 path—  
 Swing the trusty machetes, boys, like demons of  
 wrath,"

They break through the press, but five brave men  
are slain,

And one of the women is stretched on the plain.  
They are spurring their steeds and now gain on the  
foe,

For their swift headlong charge had a dozen laid  
low.

“On, on to the hills, we have friends over there—  
See! they check the pursuit—the fiends do not dare  
To come within reach of the lion, hurrah!

We are safe amongst friends, hurrah, boys,  
hurrah!”

## BILL JONES.

### THE LAST PRIVATE OF LEE'S ARMY.

- 1 Bill Jones was a soldier boy true;  
He had fought all the way through the war;  
He trained with the BUTTERNUT crew  
And carried full many a scar.  
He fought as a private soldier;  
Simply one of the rank and file;  
No man had a heart that was bolder;  
Though many could sport more style.
- 2 William Jones was oft grimy and sooty,  
But he knew how to handle his gun;  
He was never a dude nor a beauty,  
But a hero when fighting was on.  
He was never a flincher from danger;  
He always obeyed his commanders;  
And on duty as gunner and ranger  
Would outwear a trooper in Flanders.
- 3 He follows the rattle and boom  
Of the cannon, where General Lee goes,  
And never is he left at home  
To take care of twenty stout negroes,  
Like many a fire-eating ranter  
That is lucky enough to be rich,

For Bill isn't the son of a planter;  
And must fight till he reach the last ditch.

4 But now, it is more than a score  
Of years since the fighting is over;  
Yet Bill, as a church-mouse is poor,  
Or a pig that has ne'er tasted clover.  
He lives in a cabin that's rented,  
Dines on bacon, corn-dodger and pones,  
And ne'er since we left Appomattox  
Had I seen my old comrade Bill Jones.

5 Says I "Hello! Billy, good morning!  
Don't you know me, you doggoned old stager?"  
When he answers me "Whut ez yer handle?  
Air yer guv'nor 'er kernul 'rmajer?"  
"Ho!" says I, "Bill, you rusty old bummer,  
We were privates in company K,  
And we fought under Longstreet that summer  
In old Pennsylvania."

6 As in language terse, pointed and graphic,  
I talked of brave Pickett's command;  
A bountiful smile and seraphic  
His countenance did expand.  
"I've ben the most lonsomest critter,  
I told yer, in ole Tennessee;  
Fer I've looked many a year fer a soldier  
What fout under Jacks'n 'nLee.

7 I foun' three what trained under Johnston,  
'N two frum th'army uv Hood;  
One cripple that fit with Dick Taylor,  
But none that 'ith Kirby Smith stood.  
Thank th' Lord! here's my ole frien' Jack Maddox  
Puts er thar jes' as squar 'za Journal,  
Thet, sence he lef' Appermattox,  
He hasn't growed inter a Kernel!

8 Say Jack! I've jes tookened a trip  
All erround at a heap uv expense;  
An' the privates roster is nit,

While the Ossifers roll is immense.  
 I called fer er show uv th'han's  
 In Marylan' my Marylan'  
 But I foun' the last private had gone;  
 There was nary a han', no nary a han'.

9 I wen' down ter Fortress Monroe,  
 Then over ter ole Richmon' town;  
 Thar was nary a private lef',  
 But thet rus'y ole bummer, Tim Brown;  
 Yer may travil th'rail-road kyeer  
 Frum Tampa ter ole Baltimo',  
 An' daggone it all Jack, I swar,  
 Not a private his noddle 'ud show.

10 I driv 'ith ole Spavin ter Tex,  
 I taurked 'ith both Yankee 'n Rebel:  
 The privates hed passed'n ther checks,  
 'R as some sed 'hed gone ter the debbil.'  
 But 'n Marylan' V'ginny', Kyarerline,  
 'V kernuls thar crap wez immense;  
 Thar war twenty-seven thousan' an' nine  
 Er straddlin' stool, donkey'r fence.

11 Thar air fellers what taurks by the'our,  
 Over coffee'n lobsters'n chowder,  
 'V their valor, thair bravery 'n power,  
 W'en th'fack is they never smel't powder.  
 'Nwhite-livered scoundrels z'heap,  
 'Fa sentry hed tole 'em ter stan'!  
 'Nd hev runned like er passel'v sheep,  
 Air ther braves' men now'n th'lan'.

12 How off' I've been moanin'n winkin'  
 Thet ther private soldiers'v Johns'n  
 'N th'others whut fout agin Link'n  
 Hev dwin'ld ter fi▼'r six doz'n.  
 An' 'tsfunny thet aurl'r foun' worthy  
 'V promotion erbove us ole stagers,  
 Fer we fin' thet young men less'n thirty,  
 'R'allready dubbed cap'ns an' majers.

-13 'N sometimes we fin' turbid souls  
 Eternally growlin' 'n furssin;  
 Jes' like us at one time sech big fools  
 Thet each thaurt he c'd whip harf'r dorzen  
 We hev wearily tramped o'er the road  
 Frum Richm'n ter Charls'son 'n Cairo,  
 'N fer fightin'n marchin'n bile  
 They air welcome ter hev my full sheer, oh!

14 Jack Maddox, dear fren'v m'heart,  
 I know doggone little 'bout flattery,  
 'N I see you hev changed a right smart  
 Sence we trained 'n ole Puwtermugs battery.  
 Huh! 'twas music then, sweet to our ears,  
 T'list to the shells dainty whistle;  
 'N'we fared through four wearisome years,  
 Many s the time 'na soup-bone 'rgristle.

15 'N ez'n due course uv events  
 Each galoot chap mus' pass'n his checks  
 Es he's borne ter ther rear frum th'tents;  
 Your turn, Jack'rmine may kum nex'.  
 But while we're permitted to live;  
 Whatever our rank, race or nation,  
 Let us pray the Great Father to give  
 Us hearts meet and fit for our station.

16 And, Maddox I often have thought,  
 Though we suffered and bled for the Gray,  
 That in casting the nations accounts,  
 It is well that our side lost the day.  
 And, though in our own heart of hearts  
 To Dixie we'll ever be true,  
 We will cherish our GRAND COMMON LAND,  
 And live—aye! and DIE for the Blue."



## BIANCA CAPELLO.

A FRAGMENT OF A 16TH CENTURY TRAGEDY.

ACT I—Scene 4—(Room in Capello's palace.)

(Enter Bianca) Bianca—“Sold! like an ox that's for the market gorged! Aye! sold! to minister to foul corroding lust!

To populate the state, forsooth, ha! ha! (laughs)  
With sickly progeny and cankering scrofula!  
Must I? A scion of that race whose mighty prowess  
In the long-gone days when Adria's isles,  
Now crowned by lovely Venice, had slight coherence,  
Unmarked by pile and colonnade, and where  
The humble fisher craft, in tortuous course  
Unchallenged passed where now the glorious pillar  
Of Saint Mark defies the'mbattled world—bah!  
What, then was Venice? What, then, the race  
From which the merchant princes of today  
Are proud to claim descent? What but a band  
Of desperate ruffian thieves and outcasts foul,  
Forced by an outraged people from the main,  
And driven to shelter 'mid the rushes of the noisome  
Rank lagoon? Patrician blood! indeed!  
The finest strain that courses through the veins of  
Araby  
Is strengthened when 'tis mixed with Tartar blood  
Inured to arduous exercise upon the steppes.  
The golden tiara adorned with gems  
That graces now the brow of England's queen  
Was once a pirates treasure.  
If fond tradition errs not, my own fierce nature  
Is derived from Suabian loins unwilling lent  
To bold patricians lust three generations gone.  
Thence, taken by childless wife and claimed, forsooth,  
To further ends of state and selfish policy,  
And increased prestige give to name of Morosin.  
Patrician blood! a farce! Guard kingly blood  
With jealous care from plebian contact: What then?  
Do we not see a race dwarfed, imbecile, deformed,  
A prey to vicious lusts, unbalanced, weak?

Without the aid of nobler intellects raised from the masses,  
The glorious fabric of the state would totter,  
And law give place to chaos. Anarchy  
With baleful hand would seize the reins of state,  
And, in a wild ungoverned mood would dash  
Like storm-driven bark upon a dangerous coast.  
Patrician blood! It sickens me to note the stress  
Laid on the accident of birth by those with whom  
I am in daily contact thrown. To see the mass  
Of books in libraries filled-filled, page on page, with  
what?

The vilest trash forsooth: the pedigrees  
Of purse-proud—pirates—if backward traced  
To the paternal head. I will have none of them,  
Not I. I will not mate with base voluptuous churl,  
To bolster up a falling family, or minister to  
Brutish ravening lust. Rather will I bestow my hand,  
(And with my hand such fortune as by force or stealth  
I can appropriate) on that young prentice Pietro,  
Whose uncle lives in Florence. I faith!  
He is a comely youth, and bold.  
But yestere'en, upon the Grand Canal,  
Did he not almost make me own my love,  
When I, by strength of my patrician birth,  
Would at a distance hold him? True.  
I feel that I with Pietro could endure  
The world's cold shoulder, brave its shrugs, its frowns,  
And be to him a true and loyal wife. Aye,  
Though e'en gaunt Penury with foul embrace  
Should clasp me, and force me earn my bread  
With vile, ungainly thrift; seaming my features  
With furrowing lines of care and petty troubles;  
Bending the plastic contour of my form  
With unaccustomed toil, decked in  
The tattered garb of dreary indigence.  
I WILL BE FREE. Patrician was I born,  
And I with safe-guards appertaining to my sphere  
Have been hedged round. Pride, caste,  
The love of power inherent in mankind,  
My own ambition (of which I have a vague imagining),

Parental love, the love of kindred, friends—  
 All, all should have due weight in my determining;  
 But free, wild, violent as was my Suabian ancestress,  
 I hate the very thought of slavery, though gilded  
 With the fairest pearls of Ind. My father tells me  
 That he has pledged my hand. My hand! To whom?  
 To one who is a libel on the name of man;  
 Base, sensuous, sodden, ignorant, vile;  
 Devoid of all that raises man above the brute.  
 And I, perforce, must be the wife of such! Must drag  
 Life's lengthening chain tied to such incubus.  
 It must not be. Before high Heaven,  
 On bended knee, I vow that never, never will I,  
 A willing or unwilling bride be led to gratify  
 The lusts of such a vampire, bestial, brutish, gross.  
 Never, never. Tonight, beneath the shadow of Saint  
 Mark

I'll meet my lover and arrange our flight,  
 Bidding adieu to Venice. Where then?  
 To Tuscany where Pietro says he has an uncle  
 High in the duke's esteem, who will his influence invoke  
 To favor us. Yet I am sad, am sad  
 At thought of leaving Venice, Queen of the seas,  
 Proud empress of the East. To bid adieu to home  
 And all that makes life glad, to leave thy Grand Canal  
 Thy watery, safe and noiseless streets  
 To tread the stony hills and paves of Florence,  
 Where, as to sailor from the seas returned,  
 The ground will seem unstable to my feet.  
 Down, tears! fie! fie! adieu., adieu." (exit)

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### "MY CAMBRIAN LASS JEAN."

1. The songsters of Castile may boast of the charms  
     Of Spain's dark-haired passionate maids;  
     And Attican poets vow none can compare  
         With those of Olympian glades;  
     The Gaul may affirm that for beauty and grace  
         You must search by the waves of the Seine;  
     But there dwells not a maid in the universe wide

That I love like my Cambrian lass Jean.

CHORUS—

There is none like my Cambrian lass Jean;  
In my heart she reigneth supreme;  
Oh! there dwells not a maid in the universe wide  
To compare with my Cambrian lass Jean.

2 I have known many damsels, in various climes,  
With features more faultlessly fair;  
More polished in manner, more graceful in form,  
And gifted with intellects rare.  
No fortune has she nor blazon of birth,  
Nor argent or golden sheen;  
But soul-jewels lovely as pearls of the sea  
Grace the brow of my Cambrian lass Jean.

CHORUS—

3 It may be the eyes of my Cambrian lass Jean  
Do not scintillate, sparkle and shine,  
Nor captivate lovers like those in the lands  
Of the olive, the figtree and vine;  
Less classic her profile, perchance, than the maids  
On the banks of the sunny Egean;  
But there's constancy, love, virtue, honor and truth  
In the breast of my Cambrian lass Jean.

CHORUS—

4 No mixture has she of base alien blood—  
Shemitic or Mongal strains;  
Neither does the fierce blood of the desert  
Course maddening through her veins.  
Unlike the Sirrocco's scorching breath,  
But placid and calm and serene  
Like to a deep ocean current  
Is the love of my Cambrian lass Jean.

CHORUS—

She dates not her lineage back to the days  
When William with blood-reeking hands  
Divided amongst his partisans  
The stolen Saxon lands.  
Titled blood may not course through my mountain  
girls veins,  
Yet in my heart she reigneth supreme,  
And the heraldic page could not add one whit  
To the charms of my Cambrian lass Jean.

CHORUS—

## MARIAR! MARIAR!! MARIAR!!!

BEING A PORTION OF A SERENADE DELIVERED BY MY FRIEND THOMAS CATT ESQUIRE.

1 I have traversed the plains with an emigrant train;  
 Big Injuns I've slain by the score;  
 I have shot elk and moose on the Saskatchewan,  
 And seals on Alaska's cold shore;  
 I've been roused from my slumbers, on Neptunes broad breast,  
 By the maddening cry of fire!  
 But this shocks my nerves more than all sounds combined;  
 Mariar! Mariar! Mariar!

CHORUS—

Mariar! Mariar! Mariar!  
 Oh, list to my tuneful lyre;  
 There's no tune invented, by man so resented  
 As this chorus, Mariar! Mariar!! Sh—

2 I have known cannon rattle and tear up the ground,  
 With twenty-two hundred weight loaded;  
 I have ridden a mile on a huge granite rock  
 When Altruria mountain exploded;  
 I heard Bill Stubbs howl as the toe of my boot  
 Drove him plump through a thicket of briar;  
 But there's naught like a T— Cat that enters the yard  
 And shrieks out Mariar! Mariar!

CHORUS—

3 A pig may squeal lustily under a gate;  
 A dog may howl loudly and long;  
 I bid them defiance and sleep soundly on  
 Through the din of a Japanese gong.  
 Loud thunders may peal, Big Injuns may squeal  
 Like when David of old slew Goliar;  
 But sleep quick dispels if a Thomas C— yells  
 Mariar! Mariar! Mariar!

CHORUS.

*R D - 17* — ERRATA.

The fifth stanza of Shiraz should read:  
 Judges, Prophets, Priests, Martyrs and Kings thou hast known;  
 Saul, David and Solomon, kingly in glory;  
 Fair Sheba acknowledged the half was untold—  
 Land of the Orient famous in story.





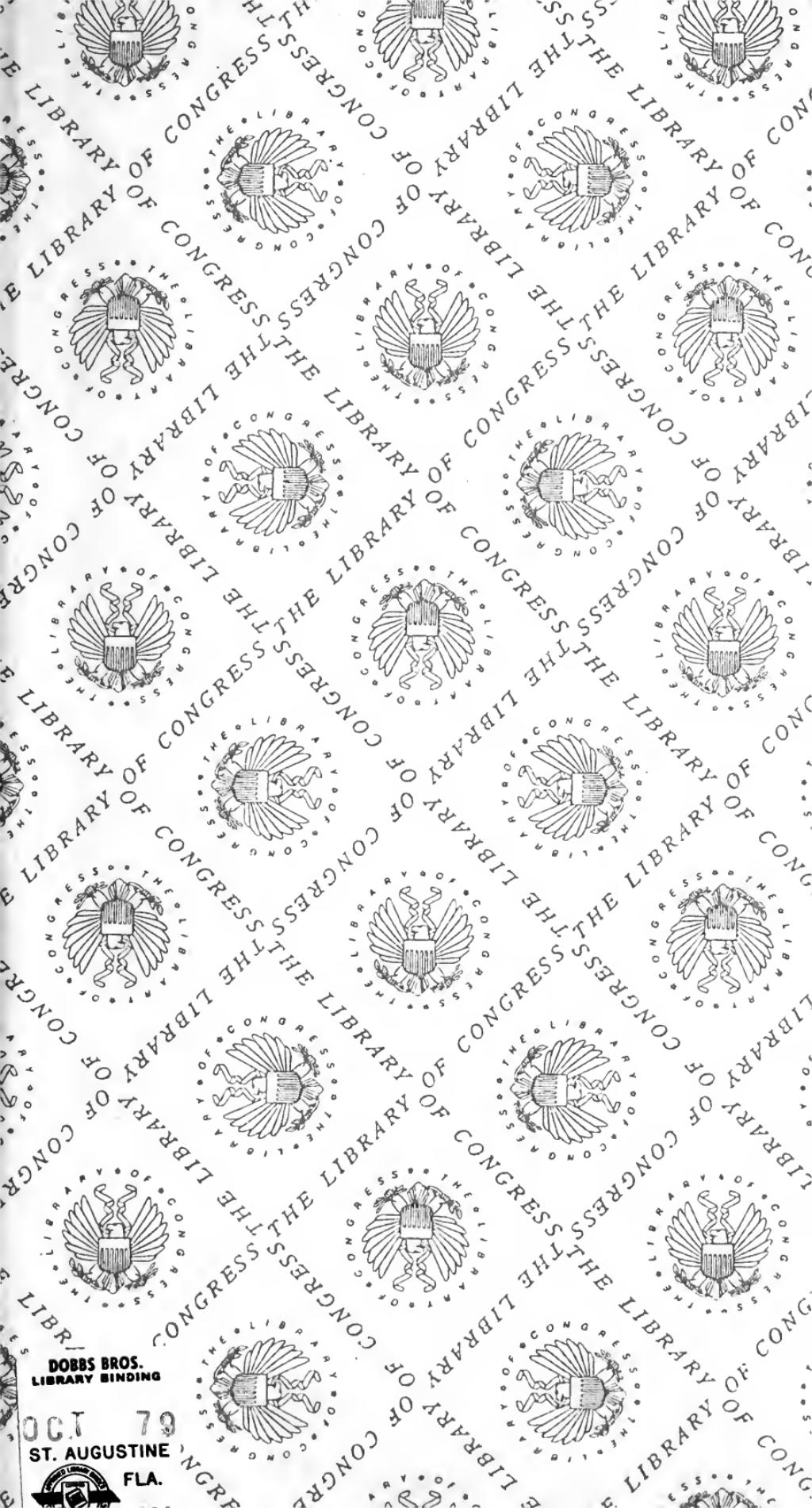


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